

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "The Prophecy"

So you're the motherfucker they call....Immortal Technique.  
What the fuck make you so special nigga?  
Huh... what the fuck do you do?

I calculate planet alignment like Mayan astronomy  
Discovering atrocities worst than Aristotle  
Subjecting children to sodomy  
Your theory of the galaxy is primitive like Ptolemy  
The truth about the universe stuck up like Aztec pottery  
Unpredictable results like experimental psychology  
I stomp the streets with emcee's beneath my feet in colonies  
But presentation and spirit revolve around autonomy  
Searching for monogamy  
And cutting fake bitches out of my mind like a lobotomy  
So obviously I'm not gonna be here to play games  
Walked the top of the world and leave the arctic circle in flames  
Battle the beast and false prophet predicted in the King James  
I give a fuck about your emcee name I don't admire you  
Only by dental records will you be identifiable  
Cause the future is not reliable  
Remember when rap was not economically viable  
Comparable to what motherfuckers think of me  
I might be nobody but wait till I'm together like a symphony  
Resounding sound that will continue infinitely  
Angel of death punishing all those who live in infamy  
And shine so far away from you  
You'll never get a glimpse of me  
Attempts to extinguish me don't even bother me none  
Like retarded kids throwing ice cubes at the sun  
A victory against Immortal Technique will never be done  
Just degrees of losing it every second your adding one  
Some niggas dream of pushing kilos but I drop tons  
With more facts and formulas and philosophical logic  
Than a basement full of scientists puffing on chronic  
Dipped in mycin potassium cyanide and liquid bubonic  
And use it as a sonic one to find the spawn of the demonic  
Screaming like onyx is of absolutely no consequence  
The poison is dense enough to clog up your arteries  
Mercy is not a part of me  
I cause you bodily injury permanently be simply verbally murdering me  
Is inconceivable cause of the unbelievable evil injected inside  
The blood stream of my people  
And redemption is not located under a church steeple  
The feeble and the meek in soul just like the technique  
Will inherit the earth, But the earth will be weak  
Mother earth in her decrepit terminal illness physique  
The year three thousand is bleak no happily ever after

Just death following the Fourth Reich disaster, a legacy of bastards  
With plastic explosives your futures been eroded  
Cause you forgot that when your free it's multiplied indefinitely  
By the struggle that be the struggle I see  
To socialistically united the third world countries  
Expose hypocrisy in Americas democracy  
Sloppily obsessed with stopping me cause I speak prophecy  
Trample and dismantle your capitalist philosophy  
The same way I stomp the conquering rap monopoly  
And I'm not a fucking prophet  
But that's the fucking prophecy